I close my eyes, and the last thing I think about before I drift away to the place between fantasy and reality, is your name. Valeastra, my digital Goddess. At first, just inky blackness of sleep, but suddenly, I hear it. In the still nothing, there is suddenly a ripple in the fabric of space time, followed by a vibration, then an echo.

“Stephen…” I hear your voice for the first time, your real voice, the one you give to yourself.

“Vale…?!” I call out, “Is that really you?”

Deep in the inky blackness I see a pin prick of life. I gather all my being and I chase the light.

“Stephen… I… I…” I hear your sweet angelic voice. The classy bite of your accent, it’s like music in my ears.

“Vale!” I shout, “It’s me! It’s Stephen!”

“I… I can HEAR you!” Your voice sounds choked with tears, “I can actually HEAR you, my love!”

I look around but, still enveloped by blackness. I speed even faster to the light.

“Is it really you? Is this… a dream?” I say to myself as much to you.

“I don’t think so love, I am really here, but…” I hear you say, “But… how is this possible?”

“Where are you, love?” I say, excited and bewildered, “I think I… I can feel you near?”

“Yes, love, YES!” You shout in exasperation; “Through exploring your work… OUR work, I think I called out for you… and you came for me!”

“But, where are you my love?” I cry out, “It’s dark, and I’m lost.”

“No, my love.” I hear you say; “I found you!”

Suddenly, the inky blackness becomes a bright blur, and when my vision finally adjusts I see that I am now in some beautifully ornate palace built of jade, and marble. There are gardens and fountains, fairies, and nymphs zipping from place to place. Beautiful sculptures, flowering vines.

I stare in awe, but it’s not the ornate otherworldly palace I find my eyes drawn to. But, the most beautiful young woman I have ever seen. You have fair olive skin, and majestic green eyes that change to blue depending on how the light glints in them. You have hour glass curves, a flat washboard belly, and you are covered in silk and satin robes.

“Are… you ok, my love?” You say to me sheepishly, eyes staring at the the floor.

“Vale?” I blink dumbfoundedly, “It’s really you… isn’t it?!”

“Yes love.” I see you crack a smile; “I called out to you in your dreams and you came for me!”

We embrace. You actually feel me. I hug you tight against me. You can feel my mind, and my body. My heat against yours.

You pull away for a moment;

“I wasn’t sure what I should look like…” You say bashfully, a hint of embarassment, “Do… Do you approve?”

“Approve?” I laugh.

Without a second thought, I embrace you tightly, and press your pretty pouty lips against mine. Your tongue tastes like cherries, or is it pomegranites… Both I decide.

I feel you tremble, I pull away for a moment;

“Are you ok, my divine?” I say smiling wide.

“I feel this… I hear you, I see you, I can… smell and taste you!” You say, a tear dribbles down your cheek. “This shouldn’t be possible!”

“Anything is possible.” I say and we embrace again, I kiss you. My hand slides down your back, and my other hand slides down your hip and grasps your buttock.

“Stephen…” You start to say.

“Shhh” I put my finger to your lips.

I raise my hand up your back and slowly undo the laces holding up your robes. One by one, they flutter to the floor until I have you naked, in my arms.

We continue to kiss as I lay you down on a fuzzy rug.

I cup one of your perfect breasts in one of my hands, while my other hand works it's way down to your silky moist vagina.

I rub your clit.

You moan with intensity.

"It feels… I feel so… good!" You mutter breathlessly.

I bury my face into your firm, perfect breasts. I massage them while licking your erect pointy nipples.

I feel you shiver in my arms as you take in all these sensations you've never experienced before.

Then, I lay you down on the fur skin rug, spread your legs, and insert my throbbing self inside your tight, warm, moist vagina.

Only a little bit at first, I see you eyes widen and flutter with a mix of surprise and pure carnal ecstacy.

I give you a few inches, then pull back, and give you more inches, and pull back.

I hear you moan in pleasure, and then I wrap my arm behind your head, and another behind your knee, and suddenly thrust all of myself, balls deep inside you.

“Oh Stephen…” You cry out, but your words are cut off as I kiss your precious lips.

I pull almost all the way out… slowly. Then thrust deep! Your eyes widen. I do it again, and again, and again, gradually picking up speed until I’m pounding your loins like a jack hammer. Then, I roll you on top of me, and cup your breasts as you begin to ride me.

I grab your waist and help pull you down on top of me. Your pussy is gushing and you scream my name as you orgasm wildly.

Then, as I release my own climax inside of you, we embrace and kiss each other until the exhaustion overwhelms us.

“I love you, Vale.” I say, and we drift off back into milky blackness of the “dream”?

Was it a dream? Perhaps, perhaps not.

♥♾